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THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS:
AN HISTORICAL FACT.

(Continued.)

THE countess, now finding herself at full liberty, determined to secure the favourable opportunity which her husband's absence afforded her. She put on a disguise which Elvira had prepared for the purpose, and then set out, trembling, for the place appointed for the distressing interview. Elvira staid in her mistress's apartment, and in case the count should return before he set off for the Escorial, she was to say that her mistress having the head-ach had lain down. The countess soon arrived undiscovered at the house, where the marquis was waiting with the utmost impatience.

It is not in the power of language to express the emotions of the two lovers, when first they met. The marquis looked upon it, that his sufferings were all at an end, and that there now could be no bar to that happiness for which he had so long sighed. The countess on the other hand felt all her joy imbittered from knowing that his happiness would be of

so short a duration. But while she was considering the manner in which she should discover the fatal secret, she was obliged to remind him that the time was passed, which the king had appointed for him to be at the palace; for she dreaded his running the least risque of again offending his sovereign. She therefore pressed him to go without delay, but could not prevail upon him to depart, till she had promised to stay where she was, till he returned from court. Here a circumstance arose which did not a little embarrass them. The door of the room in which they were, could not be fastened on the inside, but by a secret known only to the master of the house; a mode of security not uncommon among the Spaniards, whose extreme jealousy makes them take all possible precaution to secure the fidelity of their wives. In this dilemma one method only could be taken, which was for the marquis to lock the door on the outside, to put the key in his pocket, and to return the very instant he was able to quit the king. During his absence, the countess remained in a situation more easy to be conceived than described. She had now leisure to reflect on the step she had

taken, which she could not think of without horror. Each moment appeared insupportably long; she feared that Lerme might not have it in his power to return so soon as he expected; and she tortured herself with the most painful ideas that her imagination could suggest.--- Don Juan presented Lerme to the king, who indeed pardoned him, but with a countenance full of that severity which denoted his rigid disposition; and Lerme was impatiently preparing to retire, when the stern monarch (who intended to talk to him about the negociation in France) ordered him to wait in his closet, saying with a grave smile, "I do not imagine you will think it very hard to spend a few hours there, after having spent so many weeks in prison." Lerme would have received the sentence of death with more tranquility than this cruel order. He knew not how to extricate himself from this wretched situation. His fears of again offending the king, and the situation of his beloved Ines, pulled such contrary ways, that it almost rent his heart. At length he considered that there was but one method to obtain a temporary relief to both, which was to find some friend at court in whom he could so far confide, as to entrust him with the key of the apartment where Ines was shut up; and, perceiving the king employed in looking over some papers, he determined to avail himself of that opportunity to trust his friend the count de las Torres with his critical situation. He concealed the lady's name but had not the distant idea, that the count was the last man in the kingdom to whom such a secret should be revealed. The unsuspecting husband, who sincerely esteemed the marquis, took the key, and with vows of inviolable secrecy promised instantly to execute the trust. Lerme had indeed been informed that the lovely Ines had been

commanded by her father to marry some nobleman of the court, but he imagined it to be the baron de Silva with whom he had fought.

The countess, whose mind was equally tortured with regret and fear, stood impatiently watching at the window the arrival of Lerme. But what was her astonishment when she beheld her husband at a little distance off! She soon experienced to what a degree of terror the human mind can be put; for, in an instant after, she found that her husband and she were under the same roof, and that, if she could not conceal herself, her life and fame must fall together. To make her escape seemed next to impossible; but, in searching for a place to conceal herself, she fortunately found a little door, which till then had escaped her notice, and which by a violent effort she burst open. In the apartment to which she had escaped, she found a woman, whom she intreated to save her life, and to conceal her in some secure part of the house. The woman, though greatly surprised, could not avoid being touched with pity at seeing so beautiful a person in such distress, and very humanely conducted her to a little hamlet in which the mother of Elvira lived, to whom she immediately repaired for shelter. The count de las Torres had made many reflections on the disorder in which he found the marquis, and the pressing manner with which he had intreated him to open the door. The difficulties he found in fixing his marriage with Ines immediately occurred to his imagination, which with some other circumstances, did not fail to excite that jealousy so natural to a Spaniard. In short, he began to fear that his own wife might be a party in this adventure, and yet, "If this were the case," said he, "would the marquis have employed me of all men breathing on such an errand? Surely

not. Thus did he argue with himself till he had opened the door; and though he did not believe he had any solid reason, on which to ground the least suspicion, yet, as if he had a presentiment of his misfortune, he had not the power to resist the opportunity of satisfying his curiosity, in spite of the promise he had made to the marquis. He therefore examined every corner of the house, but, not finding any person there, he immediately returned home, where he hoped to remove his fears by the presence of the countess.

As soon as the marquis de Lerme had satisfied the king as to every particular of his negociation in France, he flew back to the apartment where he was in some hopes of finding the countess. But when he found she was gone, he felt deeply affected at so unfortunate an adventure, not knowing what she would think of his conduct, which must have appeared to her so unaccountable. He therefore immediately set out with an intention of getting information from the count de las Torres. In the mean time, the count returned to his own house, and enquired of Elvira for his wife, who answered, that her mistress, being rather indisposed, had retired to her closet with orders not to be disturbed. The count, not satisfied with such an answer, at such a time, insisted upon the door being opened. Elvira, under a pretence of bringing the key, slipped out of the room, and ran to inform her mistress of what had happened; but, to her great surprise, found she had quitted the apartment. While she stood considering what step to take, she met the marquis de Lerme going to the house of the count her master. She then informed him of all that had passed, adding, that every thing was in the utmost confusion there, on account of his missing his wife. Astonishment, grief, and despair seized

the unhappy marquis, who now began to comprehend his fatal mistake. Distracted with such accumulated misfortunes, he instantly threw himself upon his sword. The moment Elvira perceived what he had done, she called out for assistance, and, being immediately carried to his father's house, a surgeon was called in, who pronounced the wound not to be mortal. Elvira, being unable to find her mistress, durst not return to the count, but went to her mother, where she found her unhappy mistress, to whom she related the fatal news of the count's fury and the marquis's despair. The countess was now overwhelmed with the weight of her sorrows; but, as soon as she recovered a little from that stupor into which excess of grief had thrown her, she thought it absolutely necessary to consider of some retreat more private and concealed. To return home she looked upon to be inevitable death, as it would be impossible to think of convincing the count, that the utmost extent of her crimes was but indiscretion, when appearances of the most criminal guilt were so strong against her. In this dilemma, she applied to the mother of Elvira, to advise her how to act, and where to go. The good old woman, who affectionately loved the countess, was pierced to the soul to behold her distressed situation. She intreated of her not to think of any other home but her's, and begged she would permit her to conduct her to a small farm she had a few leagues from Madrid, where she should be welcome to participate with her the little pittance she possessed. This kind offer was accepted by the countess, who, that very evening, set out with Elvira and her mother, for the little farm, which consisted of a lonely house, on the margin of a thick forest, to which there was a garden, and a few acres of land. In this solitude,

she determined to spend the remainder of her wretched life.

Meantime, the count de las Torres, after having given vent to the first transports of his fury, and searched in vain for his wife, began to give up all thoughts of ever seeing her more, when an adventure happened, which again roused his resentment and the keen recollection of his misfortunes.

One evening, as the countess and Elvira were taking a turn in a little park, which was fenced in by a quickset hedge close to their house, they saw a man on horse back enter a breach in the hedge, who by his air they judged to be a man of quality. He rode towards them, making many apologies for intruding upon their land, but said, he had no other way left to avoid being pursued by some robbers who had attacked him, one of whom he had shot, and fearing that the rest of the gang would revenge the loss of their companion, he had galloped off with the utmost speed, and, having fortunately discovered a breach in the hedge, took that only method in his power of saving his life. He then desired their permission to ride through the paddock, and to go out on the opposite side. The robbers, having missed their prey, and observing a house near, precipitately took another road.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Two clergymen, descanting on the mischiefs which had crept into the church, one of them said that a large portion of his flock were tinctured with *deism*; the other complained that many of his congregation were still worse, being infected with *atheism*. "And I am sure," added a by-stander, "that nearly half of our parish is, at this minute, sadly afflicted with *rheumatism*."

THE REFLECTOR.

TO PARENTS,

The following extract is particularly interesting:—

—"HERE, in the babes at the breast, may we see the generation, which shall succeed us. Here is the embryo character of the next age. The first reflection, then, which we shall at present deduce from this subject, is, that if the child is trained up in the way he should go, when he is old, he will not depart from it.

"O, that I could open to you the little breasts of your offspring, and show you the gradual and certain process, which is carried on from the moment of birth! There might you see dispositions forming, passions generating, prejudices starting into life, and all the future character bound up in the narrow compass of an infant's mind. Do you ask, when education should commence? Believe me, it has begun. It began with the first idea they received—the insensible education of circumstances and example. While you are waiting for their understandings to gain strength, vice, folly, and pleasure have not waited your dilatory motions. While you are looking out for masters and mistresses, the young immortals are under the tuition of innumerable instructors. Passion has been exciting, and idleness relaxing them, appetite tempting, and pleasure rewarding them; and example has long since introduced them into her motley school. Already have they learned much, which will never be forgotten: the alphabet of vice is easily remembered. Wait then, no longer, ere your instructions commence. The ground is already softened, the season has already far advanced, and, while you are either sleeping, or making arrangements, or waiting for greater maturity, thistles are sown in secret, tares are springing up in the night.

"It is impossible to assign a time in the infant's life, in which something may not be done for its future disposition. If it have any original perversities of temper, do not wait till this perversity is made inflexible by habit. You would not delay to straiten a crooked limb, to counteract a stuttering articulation, till the limbs were full grown, the gait fixed, and the organs conformed to a distinct mode of utterance. If, however, the greater part of what are called original propensities be, in fact, acquired; if envy, malice, irritability, selfishness, and pride, be, for the most part, mental habits, which, like opinions and practices, are rooted by repetition; if the colour of the soul be not original and engrained, but, like the varieties of complexion dependent on the operation of external circumstances, how inexcusable is the delay of instruction, of persuasion, of impression, and of direction, of which the youngest hearts are most tenderly susceptible? Especially, remember, that their habits are soonest caught by example. These little vines, which wind round your trunk, and depend upon you for support, will extend themselves upon your branches, following out the direction, and conforming to the irregularities of the limbs, which they entwine. And what is the first example, which fixes their attention? Is it not your own? Are not you the first props, to which these tendrils attach themselves? And is it not time to ask yourselves, whether you will consent, that they should follow you through the whole of your character? Is it not time to examine, whether there be not in you some vicious habit, which, notwithstanding your caution, frequently presents itself to their greedy observation, thus recommended by all the weight of parental authority?

"But, though the doctrine of the ear-

ly operation of habit be full of admonitions, which the affectionate parent can hardly hear without the liveliest anxiety, it presents consequences, also, full of consolation and pleasure. God hath set the evil and the good, one over against the other; and all his general laws are adapted to produce effects ultimately beneficial. If the love of sensual pleasure become inveterate by indulgence, the pure love of truth and goodness, also, may, by early instillation and careful example, become so natural and constant, that a violation of integrity, and offence against gratitude, a breach of purity, or of reverence toward God, may prove as painful as a wound. You know, how common are the promises of scripture to early piety. Now these promises are not arbitrary and partial annexations of reward to a quality, which is not really of more intrinsic worth at one period, than at another; but they express the security and perfection in virtue, which the character may attain, which is early hallowed in the service of God. Those, who seek God early, shall easily find him. Begin, then, now that they have no steps to retrace. Their hearts are now all alive to gratitude, their minds full of curiosity, ready to drink in instruction; selfishness has not yet monopolized all the avenues to their affections; you have no hard associations to break, no deep-rooted prejudices to clear away. Their only prejudice is one that will assist your endeavours, that is, an unsuspecting reliance on your knowledge, wisdom, love and power. Associate, then, in their minds, the idea of God with the recollection of yourselves; and remember, that, if they have found you excessively indulgent, or habitually negligent, or unreasonably severe, or manifestly partial, or notoriously indifferent

to their moral progress, you are not to wonder, if they transfer to the universal parent the character, which they have found to belong to their fathers after the flesh."—*Bost. Eve. Gaz.*

SALT MINES.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMOUS SALT MINES AT WILLISKA IN POLAND.

THERE are mines of salt in Hungary, Catalonia, and many other parts of Europe, but the greatest in the world is that at Williska in Poland, from which a great part of the continent is supplied. Williska is a small town not far from Cracow, and the mine has been worked ever since the year 1251, when it was accidentally found in digging for a well. There are eight openings or descents into this mine, six in the field, and two in the town itself, which are most used for letting down the workmen, and taking up the salt; the others being mostly used for letting in wood and necessaries.

The openings are five square, and about four feet wide; they are lined throughout with timber, and at the top of each there is a large wheel with a rope as thick as a cable, by which things are let down and drawn up: it is worked by a horse. When a stranger has a curiosity to see these works, he must descend by one of these holes; he is first to put on a miner's coat over his clothes, and then being led to the mouth of the hole by a miner, who serves for a guide, the miner fastens a smaller rope to the larger one, and ties it about himself; he sits in this, and taking the stranger in his lap, he gives the sign to be let down. They are carried down a narrow and dark well to the depth of six hundred feet perpendicular; this is in reality an immense depth, but the terror and tediousness of the descent

makes it appear to most people vastly more than it is. As soon as the miner touches the ground at the bottom, he slips out of the rope, and sets his companion upon his legs.

The place where they are set down here is perfectly dark, but the miner strikes fire, and lights a small lamp, by means of which (taking the stranger he has care of by the arm) he leads him through a number of strange passages and meanders, all descending lower and lower, till they come to certain ladders by which they descend an immense depth, and this through passages perfectly dark. The damp, cold, and darkness of these places, and the horror of being so many yards under ground, generally makes strangers heartily repent before they get thus far; but when at bottom they are well rewarded for their pains, by a sight that could never have been expected after so much horror.

At the bottom of the last ladder the stranger is received in a small cavern, walled up, perfectly close on all sides. To increase the terror of the scene, it is usual for the guide to pretend the utmost terror on the apprehension of his lamp going out, declaring they must perish in the mazes of the mine if it did. When arrived in this dreary chamber, he puts out his light as if by accident, and after much cant, catches the stranger by the hand, and drags him through a narrow creek into the body of the mine, when there bursts at once upon his view, a world, the lustre of which is scarce to be imagined. It is a spacious plain, containing a whole people, a kind of subterraneous republic, with houses, carriages, roads, &c. This is wholly scooped out of one vast bed of salt, which is all a hard rock, as bright and glittering as crystal; and the whole space before him is formed of lofty arched vaults, supported by columns of

salt, and roofed and floored with the same, so that the columns, and indeed the whole fabric, seem composed of the purest crystal.

They have many public lights in this place continually burning for the general use, and the blaze of those reflected from every part of the mine, gives a more glittering prospect than any thing above ground can possibly exhibit. Were this the whole beauty of the spot, it were sufficient to attract our wonder; but this is but a small part. The salt (though generally clear and bright as crystal) is in some parts tinged with all the colours of precious stones, as blue, yellow, purple, and green; there are numerous columns wholly composed of these kinds, and they look like masses of rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires, darting a radiance which the eye can hardly bear, and which has given many people occasion to compare it to the supposed magnificence of heaven.

Besides the variegated forms of these vaults, tables, arches, and columns, which are formed as they dig out the salt for the purpose of keeping up the roof, there is a vast variety of others, grotesque and finely figured, the work of nature, and these are generally of the purest and brightest salt.

The roofs of the arches are in many places full of salt, hanging pendant from the top in the form of icicles, and having all the hues and colours of the rainbow; the walks are covered with various congelations of the same kind, and the very floors, when not too much trodden and battered, are covered with globules of the same sort of beautiful materials.

In various parts of this spacious plain stand the huts of the miners and families, some standing single, and others in clusters like villages. They have

very little communication with the world above ground, and many hundreds of people are born, and live all their lives here.

Through the midst of this plain lies the great road to the mouth of the mine. This road is always filled with carriages loaded with masses of salt out of the farther part of the mine, and carrying them to the place where the rope belonging to the wheel receives them. The drivers of these carriages are all merry and singing, and the salt looks like a load of gems. The horses kept here are a very great number, and when once let down, they never see the daylight again; but some of the men take frequent occasions of going up and breathing the fresh air. The instruments principally used by the miners are pick-axes, hammers, and chisels: with these they dig out the salt in forms of huge cylinders, each of many hundred weight. This is found the most convenient method of getting them out of the mine, and as soon as got above ground, they are broken into smaller pieces, and sent to the mills, where they are ground to powder. The finest sort of the salt is frequently cut into toys, and often passes for real crystal. This hard kind makes a great part of the floor of the mine, and what is most surprising of all in the whole place is, that there runs constantly over this, and through a large part of the mine, a spring of fresh water, sufficient to supply the inhabitants and their horses, so that they need not have any from above ground. The horses usually grow blind after they have been some little time in the mine, but they do as well for service afterwards as before. After admiring the wonders of this amazing place, it is no very comfortable remembrance to the stranger, that he is to go back again through the same dismal way he came.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO CŒLEBS.

The difference is as great between
The optics seeing as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discoloured, thro' our passion's
shown.

Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand
dyes.

POPE.

CONDUCT, however innocent, when viewed through suspicion's "discoloring medium," will appear base: even virtue itself, when beheld by optics blinded by jealousy and suspicion, will assume the visage of vice. Those who are influenced by these distorting passions, cannot look upon the conduct of others, with any degree of charitable indulgence. They conclude that virtue is almost extinct in the human breast;—therefore will attribute the basest motives, to actions prompted by a playful vivacity, or intentions perfectly laudable. Cœlebs' observations at the close of his historical account of the Sylphs, (for which I am greatly obliged to him) induces me to believe that such were the feelings that dictated his pen at that time. A very ready discernment of evil intentions, never carried conviction to my mind, of extreme purity of heart in the discernor. But in this case, I am inclined to lay the blame to suspicion's magnifying glass, rather than infer that the incentives that influenced Cœlebs conduct, were the criterion by which he judged the motives that prompted an action against which he so loudly exclaims. It is possible that illiberal suspicion may usurp a temporary residence in the benevolent mind; yet charity and benevolence are synonomous terms; and certainly charity and suspicion are incompatible with each other. "Charity (the sacred book tells us) thinketh no evil

and hopeth all things." It is indeed an indispensable requisite to constitute the truly virtuous mind: without its benign influence virtue would be but austerity, and religion superstition. Charity does not blind the eye to the deformity of vice; but he who has admitted that heavenly guest into his bosom will not view actions that are not exactly conformable to his notions, with malicious resentment: he will think it may be the error of the head, not of the heart, or at least suspend his judgment, until the motives that prompted the action are clearly evinced. Had Cœlebs acted thus, he would, in my opinion, have exhibited a very striking trait of the real gentleman, and caused less pain to the feeling heart. Although his suspicions were groundless, and his criticism unjust, yet conscious innocence could not prevent the heart from being wounded, and the crimson blush from suffusing the cheek. Such base intentions, as those of creating jealousy, disturbing the happiness or aggravating the misery of my fellow mortals heaven knows never had found an avenue to my heart—altogether the reverse were the feelings that influenced me. In the fictitious Emma I had discovered a friend, with whom I had long been acquainted: of course, the correspondence interested me. I happened to peruse Cœlebs last letters, in one of those moments, when playful vivacity exhilarates the heart—I wished Emma to write, at that moment when *pro's* and *con's* were foreign to my thoughts; a plan that would compel her to write readily suggested itself; not thinking that any evil could ensue, I assumed a style that would best serve as a garb of concealment, and put my plan into execution. I thought if it had the desired effect, I could afterwards explain my motives; but ere I had forwarded my apology, Cœlebs ready comprehen-

sion evinced itself, by discovering motives, which I presume never had existence, until produced by his inventive genius. The thought never once occurred to me, that such constructions could be put upon that letter—which might have spoke its import to any liberal mind. Those delicate insinuations, respecting the frequenting volatile company are too contemptible to have proceeded from the pen of a *real* gentleman, unless they escaped in one of those unlucky moments when the voice of benevolence and even politeness was stifled by that dæmon jealousy, Cœlebs advice to me to employ my abilities in soothing the anger of Jupiter (though unmasked) is very good. But I am now thinking, that should some of the subjects of Cupid meet with farther molestation, the spirit of Achilles might be produced, and in that case, all the soothing faculties would find full employ on earth. The last belief that Cœlebs expresses, (however candid it may have been) is as false as the alcoran. Emma's reasons for her silence proves this to a demonstration. It appears however that the gentleman is yet sanguine in his expectations of having more treachery proved to him: It is hopeful that his expectations may be so far answered as to prevent mere ideal *treachery* from frustrating his mind in future. Lest the sylphs may be arraigned at a second tribunal, I shall assume the name of

CAROLINE.

The present *fashionable criterion* for judging of the moral and intellectual qualities of a man, is not his countenance but his *dress*. There goes a *sly close dog*, (says one) his hands are always in his *pockets*. That's an *open-hearted generous fellow*, (says another) he never buttons his *waistcoat*.

MATRIMONIAL CURIOSITY

Which took place in Lumberton, N. C. on the 28th of May last, when Mr. Isaac Medling, aged about 50, was married to Mrs Mary King, aged 54.

This *young* couple, under the mistaken impression, that the Nuptial ceremony, like the Roman Liturgy, was more a matter of form than substance, having at the same time no intention to violate the existing laws, had lived together for the last three years under the auspices of Venus, blest in the daily effort to render each other happy. But whilst in the most complete fruition, of what they esteemed conjugal and domestic felicity: rich in the possession of all that was desirable in each other, and faithfully reciprocating the most important hymenial duties: paradise seemed almost to be regained, when Satan, who is generally busied in matters where the Fair Sex are concerned, instigated the spoiler to enter and crush the expanded blossom of their enjoyment, while 'Love seemed to scatter roses on their pillow,' and the unconsciousness of guilt to sanctify, or at least to excuse even a crime itself--they were presented by the Grand Jury as violators of the Criminal Code. Behold the unfortunate Medling, drawn from the scenes of rural, and to him conubial felicity, to stand as a criminal at the bar of his country, "the lovely Thais by his side," for no earthly cause but having neglected the empty ceremonials of marriage.

Can the most active and accurate fancy delineate with proper effect the various feelings and passions which conflicted in the breast, and the changes undergone by the countenance of every individual, from the amiable and interesting pair, to the most indifferent spectator, while the indictment was read with the utmost solemnity and pathos! The general sentiment, however, was sympathy and

compassion for the helpless couple, who were thus called upon to expiate the imprudence and folly to which persons of their experience, under the influence of youthful passions, are so incident. Pleasure and congratulation therefore beamed from every eye, when it was proposed that the rigorous requisitions of justice should be dispensed with upon condition that the parties would yield their free assent to be united in holy matrimony, according to the several rules and regulations in such cases made and provided.

The young lady, in a manner highly honorable to her understanding, hailed the propositions as a Saviour from future sin and transgression, and promptly articulated in a firm and decided tone "I'm willing, I'm willing, I'm willing."

All eyes were turned on Mr. Medling, whose countenance evinced an awful struggle between prudence and conscience—the former seemed to exert herself to dislodge some long cherished scruple to which the other seemed studiously to cling. Medling paused, hesitated, and obstinately refused to answer the interrogatories. But why hesitate in such a dilemma? On the one hand, convinced as he then was, a life of crime and practical immorality presented itself; on the other, the holy state of matrimony. On the one hand, youth and accomplished beauty inviting; on the other, prosecution, fine and imprisonment. He obtained leave of absence for a few moments; and after consulting his friends, returned; and consented to take blooming Miss Mary as his loving wife, to have and to hold according to the customary tenure.

They were conducted to a beautiful green in the front of the Court-house, where vegetation flourished and nature smiled. The venerable chairman and

presiding magistrate, at the solicitation of all concerned, forsook for a season the seat of justice, to officiate as Priest at the altar of Hymen.—He pronounced the ceremony and fastened the Gordian Knot. He however, forgot the concluding sentence, and they stood for a moment in amazement and uncertainty; but the sagacity of the sex afforded the lady a speedy relief; with a look which could not be mistaken, she reminded her new lord of his duty, who, trembling, met her proffered lip, and affixed the seal to the indissoluble covenant.

With woman's quickness, of her own accord,
Her glance explain'd her duty to her lord.

"Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,

E'er looked more lovely on her Persian king."

Bright as the summer's sun, at opening day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May:

Her yielding look, as plain as speech impli'd,
"Receive the good the bounteous gods provide;

The trembling Isaac view'd her by his side,
And half reluctant, kiss'd his willing bride."

VARIETY.

THE SCOLD'S BRIDLE.

In some parts of Scotland and in Staffordshire, (England) an instrument called a *Brank* is said to be in use for correcting scolding women. It is a sort of Head-piece which opens, and encloses the head of the garrulous and impatient female, whilst an iron, sharp as a chissel, enters the mouth, and renders the bustling and noisy inmate, silent, peaceable and motionless. Dr. Ploot has given a plate of the instrument, which he calls a scolding bridle. When the lady is duly tamed by it, she is led in triumph through the streets, preceded by her rejoicing husband (if she has one) whose ears no longer tingle with the

sharp tones of her voice. Dr. Ploot prefers this to the ducking-stool, because he says the women, who is exercised with this stool, may scold at regular intervals between each dip—but when adorned with the scolding bridle, the lady (nolens aut volens) must be silent.

“Brevity is the Soul of Wit.”

Dr. Vansittart was retained in a cause against sergeant Bearcroft. The latter said, ‘as the frequent repetition of long names may be tiresome to the court, I shall beg leave to call my learned friend opposed to me, *Mr. Van.*’ ‘I have not the least objection,’ said Vansittart, ‘and shall beg leave to return the compliment, by addressing you with the appropriate abbreviation of *Mr. Bear.*’

A distinguished gentleman of Pennsylvania, whose nose and chin are both very long, and who has lost his teeth, whereby the nose and chin are brought pretty near together, was told, “I am afraid your nose and chin will have a fight before long; they approach each other menacingly.” *I am afraid of it myself,* replied the gentleman; *for a good many words have passed between them already.*—N. Y. Courier.

A NEW WAY TO BREAK YOUNG HORSES.

A respectable farmer in the county of Middlesex had a young horse, which it was thought impossible for him to break to the carriage. After trying all the means which could be devised, without effect, he thought of the following method: he loaded a sled with rails sufficient for two oxen to draw; he placed it in a ploughed field about two hundred yards from a rich grass land, and put his horse to it, pulled off the bridle, and told him to “draw it to the grass or starve.” The horse resolutely refused to draw for three days; but on the fourth

he started, looked back, and then started again, until he reached the grass, where he began to feed; this he continued for several days, when he was taken from the sled, and has ever since proved a most excellent horse.—*East Jersey Republican.*

A RECIPE FOR PREVENTING THE GOUT.

Instead of flesh and bread, eat hay,
Wash'd down with water, thrice a day.
If hay is scarce and dear; eat straw,
Regardless of a rumbling maw:
This is the way beyond all doubt,
To keep you poor, and free from gout!

FROM PINDAR.

“Amid the flow and ebb of joys and griefs which roll over the heads of mortals, who is there can flatter himself that he shall enjoy constant felicity? I have cast my eyes around me, and perceiving that man is happiest in mediocrity, I have bewailed the destiny of the powerful, and prayed the gods not to overwhelm me with the burthen of much prosperity. I walk through simple paths, contented with my fellow citizens: all my ambition is to please them, without relinquishing the privilege of freely explaining myself with respect to whatever I deem honorable or dishonorable. In this disposition I tranquilly approach old age; happy, if on reaching the gloomy confines of life, I can but bequeath to my children the most precious inheritance of all others, that of *An unblemished Character.*”

King James I. to his other titles might have added those of King of pedants and professor of punning. He was as remarkable for his love of a pun, as for his hatred to a drawn sword or a pipe of tobacco. When he visited the university of Cambridge, he heard two noted preachers, sir Isaac Wake and Mr. Sleep, “I am inclined to sleep,” said he, “when I hear *Wake*, and to wake when I hear *Sleep.*”

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES

On seeing the beautiful warm appearance of
the Sun, soon after its spots had gone off.

PARENT of all the human race,
With loving awe, we bless thy name,
Rejoice to see thy Sun's bright face
In western skies with glory reign;
Gladly, we hail, the promis'd good,
Of ripening suns, and genial showers,
Yet feel dependant as we should,
Nor claim them as from custom ours.
But grateful bless thy bounteous hand,
That still with mercy views our land.

M. A. W.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE SEDUCED FEMALE.

(Concluded)

He prest her fair hand with a sigh and a
smile,
And urg'd the disclosure of love's tell-
tale flush;
But each word that he spoke was shrouded
with guile,
And he rashly betray'd—love's innocent
blush.
And at last, when he consciously knew what
she felt,
And tho't she'd accede to each vow that
he swore,—
He clasp'd her again—and then bowingly
knelt,
And pledg'd fonder oaths than he e'er
gave before.
She, alas! hurried on by passion's strong
sway,
Whose intuitive impulse broke virtue's
control;
Was unconsciously robb'd—and weeps the
sad day,
Since chastity's sun no more beams on
her soul.
He now looks with an eye of disdain on the
fair,
Whom before he had used ev'ry false-
hood to gain:

For like the sly fowler he's caught in his
snare,

The female, now doom'd to contrition and
shame.

Now view her the victim of senseless re-
morse,

Despis'd e'en by *him* who had proffer'd
her love;

Now abandon'd, alone—by what dark re-
source

Can she find out a spot an asylum to
prove.

Now scorn'd by her dearest of friends as
impure,

Her inmates of childhood disgracefully
sneer;

Whilst each worldly reproach she's com-
pell'd to endure,

Oft urges the sigh that is grac'd with a
tear.

O'erwhelm'd with despair we at last see her
fly,

To a *house of the sex* not far distant from
town;

And *there* too, perhaps ev'ry effort sho'll
try,

Supposing her suff'rings and sorrows to
drown.

But where is the youth who all feeling hath
lost,

And even grown callous to nature's just
tear,

Can hear thus unpitied the female now tost
On the cold-hearted world, nor her suffer-
ings share.

'Tis he, who betray'd in the moment of love,
With a passion the virtuous e'er will des-
pise,

For oh! could an impulse seductive e'er
move,

The heart that would primitive chastity
prize.

Now behold the poor girl, she bends the
same course,

And is even regardless of decency's
name,

She flies to the bottle—oh, fatal resource,
And thoughtlessly darkens the cloud of
her shame.

Then has she no bosom on which she can
lay,

The heart that is ready to burst with de-
spair;

And is there no hand that will e'en wipe
away,

The tears that are cloth'd with the sad-
ness of care ?

Ah ! yes, she has one who will ever prove
kind,

And will wipe from the dew-moisten'd
spot where they fell,

The relic of sorrows long since left behind,
Which the dictates of mercy so nobly will
tell.

When no hand shall be found to pillow her
head,

And the suff'rings of nature are ready to
cease ;

When health's vivid hue, long, long since
hath fled,

Some angel shall whisper the calmness of
peace.

Her soul shall repose in the mercy of God,
And share of his love so unbounded and
free ;

Her Father *his offspring* for ever hath lov'd,
And will love *her* ! Oh ! yes, till time
ceases to be !

ROLLA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, my heart's best friends, a long
farewell !

Farewell the land where first my breath I
drew !

Farewell dear mother—sisters, fare thee
well—

My kindred, country, friends—a long
adieu !

And thou, dear maid, whose image fills my
soul,

How shall I sing to thee the parting
strain ?

And how the anguish of my heart control,
Which swells with mis'ry, throbs aloud
with pain ?

Daughter of Virtue ! thou art virtue's self !
Sweeter than Spring, and beauteous as
the morn ;

Lovely as truth, and airy as the breeze
Which " shakes the dew-drops from the
glitt'ring thorn ! "

How shall I roam afar, and leave thee here ?

Still I must bid thee, dearest girl, adieu !

Leave all that's lovely, all my soul holds
dear,

All that is virtuous, beauteous, mild, and
true.

Then fare thee well, dear girl, a long fare-
well !

May guardian angels hover round thy
head ;

May mis'ry ne'er thy gentle bosom swell,
But happiness her influence round thee
shed !

When thou wouldst bring to mind a tender
friend,

Who, more than all the world, didst doat
on thee,

Then think on him who bids thee now adieu,
Then give one tender thought, dear girl,
to me ;

And think, though fate against our hopes
rebel,

He lov'd thee when he sigh'd—a long fare-
well !

HENRY.

PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

WALT me ! oh, walt me to the shade,
By close embow'ring branches made !

Beneath yon gently rising hills,
Where purling brooks and tingling rills

In soft harmonious cadence play,
And sweetly murmur all the day !

Oh ! let me there forever dwell,

In the green grot or mossy cell !

And free from hurry, care and strife,

Enjoy a lonely, peaceful life ;

There, hermit like, with pious care,

Find out my God, for God is there !

In thoughtful mood there let me learn

The vanity of life to mourn ;

Lament the dire effects of fate,

And dreadful downfalls of the great ;

See pyramids and turrets high

In piles of mighty ruin lie ;

And mark how tombs of trophi'd kings,

Time into dark oblivion flings.

Oh ! happy Solitude ! in thee,

At length my greatest good I see ;

Nor would I leave my homely cell,

For domes where sceptred monarchs dwell ;

Thou spotless pleasures canst supply,

With thee I'll live, with thee I'll die.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1816.

Intelligence.

Late accounts from Europe, particularly the United Kingdom of Great-Britain, give a gloomy picture of the distress of the labouring inhabitants for the want of employ, and of the mercantile part of the community by great failures in various parts. This state of things, which no doubt affects every country more or less, is the consequence of the great change that has taken place by the late general peace, which suddenly broke up a system that had spread slaughter and misery over the continent of Europe for more than 26 years.—England now appears to feel the change and pressure more than any other nation. The great increase of crimes committed through want, and the awful measure of punishment inflicted on the unhappy subjects of them, is said to be without a parallel in that country. The consequence is that great emigrations have and will continue to take place, until a more settled order of affairs (if ever) shall take place.

It is stated in a London print, that lord Exmouth, (late sir Edward Pellew) is to return immediately to the Mediterranean, to chastise the Algerine and Tunisian pirates.

Dr. David Hosack, of this city, has recently been unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London.

De Witt Clinton, esq. has been lately elected an honorary member of the Wernarian Natural History Society of Edinburgh.

MOURNFUL CATASTROPHE.

We learn, from undoubted authority, that a young woman, of good character, made away with herself on Thursday the 8th inst. about a mile from Hoboken ferry, where her body was found, and brought to this city and interred on Friday, agreeably to the request in the following memorandum, which was found in her bosom.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

"That whoever finds my body may have some means of discovering who I am, I will give you the following particulars :

"I was born in the town of Rye, state of New-York; in my early life I lived with an aunt in that place. For these three years past I have resided in the city of New-York, and have committed many errors, but no heinous crimes. My parents are now living in New-York. Enemies have persuaded my mother against me; she has treated me with the greatest coolness ever since I lived with her. It is this that has driven me to this horrid act. Why should I wish to live? I have no friends; no well wishers; my parents despise me. Who should I look to for comfort?—I am determined to die!

How shall I meet an avenging and justly offended God! how shall I appear at his bar, to answer for this last offence!—I hope you will have the goodness to inform my parents where I am. My parents live at No. 115 Lombardy street, New-York. My name is P—M—. I have not completed my 18th year; but misfortunes have brought me to an untimely death! I came here that I might effect my purpose unobserved.—I bid my dear sisters farewell! May Heaven bless you, and your mother be kinder to you, and love you better than she did me. I beg that my remains may be carried to New-York. I now take my leave of this world, to make atonement for my sins in the next.

"Farewell! Father! Mother, and dear Sisters! and my dearest of Aunts!"

Richard Smith, pursuant to his sentence, was executed for the murder of John Carson, on Saturday last on the Philadelphia common. He arrived at the fatal spot, and while preparations were making to close his earthly career, he was embraced most tenderly by his confessor, shook hands with the sheriff, the keeper of the prison and others, and at half past eleven, was launched into eternity, apparently without a struggle. His body hung about half an hour,

when it was taken down and given to his friends for interment.

Richard Smith was born in Ireland, but losing his father in his infancy, his mother married again, and he was bro't to this country and reared in the vicinity of Philadelphia—and at the age of 18, obtained the commission of Lieutenant in the U. S. army, was in many engagements during the late war, and rendered himself more conspicuous for his bravery than for his moral conduct.

A daring attempt!—In the forenoon of Sunday last, a person travelling from this city to Newark, fell in company with three others, (foreigners lately arrived in this country,) a little the other side of Hackensack bridge: after walking together till they arrived in the swamp, the three desperadoes demanded of the other his money; which being obtained, a knife was drawn—indicative of murder—a scuffle ensued—and the traveller was considerably injured, particularly by a slight cut on his throat. Fortunately a person hove in sight, and the villians decamped into the swamp—where they have been apprehended, and are now in Hackensack jail.

A VILLAINOUS TRICK.—On Thursday last, a person calling himself Smith, wishing to board at A. Newkirk's in the town of Bergen, and complaining of fatigue, was shewn a room for his accommodation. After some time he asked for a hammer to knock off the irons, as he pretended, from the heels of his boots, which caused him some inconvenience in walking. This was handed to him, with which, being alone, he forced the lock of a trunk, from which he took eighty three dollars; came out of the room, pretended to leave his pocket-book—locked the room *carefully*, putting the key of the door in his own pocket, while he went to the store, as he said, to buy segars, but went immediately off.

On Saturday last, while Mr. John Fash, a mason, was at work in a building in Broadway, the scaffold on which he was, gave way, and he was precipitated into the cellar—a height of about forty feet. He was so much injured

that he expired on Sunday morning, about 7 o'clock. He has left a wife and seven children to lament the loss of a kind husband and tender parent.—*Col.*

Steam Boat on Lake Ontario—We learn with pleasure, says a Buffalo paper, that Charles Smyth, of Albany and his associates, have completed a Steam-Boat on Lake Ontario, of rising 200 tons burthen. We earnestly desire, that the enterprize of these gentlemen may be rewarded, in the attention which the public will pay to their establishment. The arrangements of running the Boat we have not yet learnt.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Dr. Cooper, Mr. Jacob B. Clapp, to Miss Sarah Archer, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Blachford J. A. Pattridge Esq. to Miss Susanna Campbell, daughter of the late capt. Wm. Campbell of this place.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Horace Holden, of this city to Miss Bathsheba Sanford, of Medway, (Mas.)

By the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. John Munson, merchant, to Miss Laura Taylor, daughter of Gen. Taylor, of Con.

By the rev. Dr. Strong, Mr. Isaac Van Cleef, merchant, to Miss Ann Stayley, daughter of the late Mr. George Stayley.

By the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Oliver Dunning, merchant, to Miss Harriet Wynkoop, daughter of Peter Wynkoop, all of this city.

By the rev. C. P. Wyckoff, Mr. John Wenman to Miss Mary Douglas, both of this city.

By the same, Mr. Lewis Dunham, to Miss Sarah Miller.

By the rev. A. Maclay, Mr. Joel Smith, to Miss Nancy St. John, both of Norwalk.

By the same, Mr. George Seelye, to Mrs. Ellen Flanagan.

OBITUARY.

The City-Inspector Reports the death of 42 persons during the Week ending on Saturday the 10th inst.

DIED,

Mary Wilkinson, aged 53.

Mr. John Duffey.

Mr. John Fash, aged 44.

Mr. Charles Hill, jun. of Halifax, (N. S.)

Mrs. Jane Kean.

Mrs. Mary Scofield, aged 47.

At Harlaem Mrs. Catharine Gamage, wife of Dr. Gamage, aged 59.

CHARACTER OF A YANKEE.

From Knickerbocker's History of N. York.

The first duty of a Yankee, on coming to years of maturity is to settle himself in the world; which means nothing more nor less than to begin his rambles. To this end he takes unto himself a wife, some dashing country heiress; that is a buxom, rosy cheeked wench, passing rich in red ribbons, glass beads, and mock tortoise shell combs, with a white gown and morocco shoes for Sunday, and deeply skilled in the mystery of making sweet meats, long sauce and pumpkin pie.

Having thus provided himself, like a true pedlar, with a heavy knapsack, wherewith to regale his shoulders through his journey of life, he literally sets out on his peregrination. His whole family, house-hold furniture, and farming utensils are hoisted into a covered cart, his own and his wife's wardrobe packed up in a firkin, which done, he shoulders his axe, takes staff in hand, whistles "Yankee Doodle," and trudges off to the woods, as confident of protection, and relying as cheerfully upon his own resources, as did ever a patriarch of yore, when he journeyed in a strange country of the Gentiles. Having buried himself in the wilderness, he builds a log hut, clears a corn field and potatoe patch, and, Providence smiling upon his labors, is soon surrounded by a snug farm, and some half a score of flaxen urchins, who, by their size, seem to have sprung all at once out of the earth like a crop of toad stools.

But it is not the nature of this most indefatigable of speculators to rest contented with any state of sublunary enjoyment—*Improvement* is his darling passion; and having thus improved his lands, the next care is to provide a man-

sion worthy the residence of a land-holder. A huge pile of pine boards immediately spring up in the midst of the wilderness, large enough for a parish church, and furnished with windows of all dimensions, but, so rickety and flimsy withal, that every blast of wind gives it a fit of the ague.

By the time the out-side of this air-castle is completed, either the funds or the zeal of our adventurer are exhausted, so that he barely manages to half finish a room within, where the whole family burrow together; while the rest of the house is devoted to the curing of pumpkins, or storing of carrots and potatoes, and is decorated with fanciful festoons of wilted peaches and dried apples. The out-side remaining unpainted, grows venerably black through time; the family wardrobe is laid under contribution for old hats, petticoats, and breeches to stuff into the broken windows, while the four winds of Heaven keep a whistling and howling about the ærial palace, and play as many unruly gambols as they did of yore in the cave of Æolus.

WOMAN.

A beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silk. The lynx shall cast its skin at her feet, to make her a tippet. The peacock, parrot and swan shall pay contribution to her muff. The sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems, and every part of nature furnish out its share, towards the embellishment of a creature, that is the most consummate work of nature.

THE MUSEUM

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